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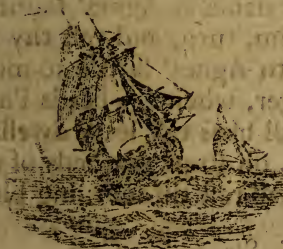
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A

GARLAND OF NEW SONGS.

Oh! Lady Fair
 Steady She Goes
 Poor Frantic Mary
 Thomas Clutterbuck and Polly Higginbottom
 Plato's Advice
 Dulce Domum



Newcastle upon Tyne:

Printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market.
 Where may also be had, a large and curious Assortment
 of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

Oh! Lady Fair.

OH! lady fair! where art thou roaming?
The sun is sunk, the night is coming.—
Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.—
And who is the man, with his white locks
 flowing?

Oh, lady fair! where is he going?—
A wand'ring pilgrim, weak, I falter,
To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.— [ing ;
Chill falls the rain—night-winds are blow-
Dreary and dark's the way you're going.
Fair lady, rest, till morning blushes ;
I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.—
Oh, stranger, when my beads I'm counting.
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.—
Thou, pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow,
Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.—
Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling,
My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.
Strew, then, oh strew our beds of rushes,
Here you shall rest till morning blushes.

Steady She Goes. -

THE British tar no peril knows,
But fearless braves the angry deep ;
The ship's his cradle of repose,
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep :

He, tho' the raging furies swell,
 In his hammock, in his hammock swings,
 When the steersman sings,
 Steady she goes, all's well, all's well!

While on the main-top-yard he springs,
 An English vessel heaves in view,
 He asks, but she no letter brings
 From bonny Kate, he lov'd so true;
 Then sighs he for his native dell;—
 Yet to hope he clings, to hope he clings,
 While the steersman sings,
 Steady she goes, all's well, all's well!

The storm is past, the battle's o'er,
 Nature and man repose in peace,
 Then, homeward bound, on England's
 shore,
 He hopes for joys that ne'er will cease:
 His Kate's sweet voice those joys foretell;
 And his big heart springs, his big heart
 springs,
 While the steersman sings,
 Steady she goes, all's well, all's well!

Poor Frantic Mary.

THE foremost in the harvest field,
 Poor ruddy Ralph work'd on and sung,
 Well skill'd the weighty sheaf to wield,
 That on the cart with ease he flung,

And midst the humble gleaning train,
 Poor Mary came and sung a strain,
 Address'd to Ralph and love.

Their promis'd nuptial day drew near,
 His honest bosom glow'd with joy,
 And Mary little thought a tear
 Could e'er her present bliss annoy ;
 That from a heart oppress'd with pain,
 She e'er should sing the pleasing strain,
 Address'd to Ralph and love.

But now the thunders peal they hear,
 While vivid lightning rends the sky,
 She sees the form of him so dear,
 A victim to its fury lie.
 Poor frantic Mary views the swain,
 Then madly sings a broken strain,
 Address'd to Ralph and love.

Thomas Clutterbuck and Polly Higginbottom.

IN Chester town a man there dwelt,
 Not rich as Crcesus, but a buck ;
 The pangs of Love he clearly felt—
 His name was *Thomas Clutterbuck.*

The lady he did most approve
 Most guineas gold had got 'em;
 And Clutterbuck fell deep in love
 With *Polly Higginbottom*.

O Thomas Clutterbuck!

And O Polly Higginbottom!

I sing the loves—the smiling loves—
 Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

A little trip he did propose :—

Upon the Dee they got 'em ;

The wind blew high—he blew his nose,
 And sung to Polly Higginbottom.

The strain was sweet—the stream was
 deep—

He thought his notes had caught her :

But she, alas ! first fell—*asleep* ;

And then fell—in the water.

O Polly Higginbottom !

She went to the bottom—

I sing the death—the doleful death !—

Of pretty Polly Higginbottom !

Yet still he strain'd his little throat ;

To love he did invite her ;

And never miss'd her—till his boat,

He thought, went rather lighter.

But when he *saw* that she was gone,
The summum of his wishes—

He boldly paid the Waterman,
And jump'd among the fishes.

Oh, Polly Higginbottom!

He comes to the bottom!

I sing the death—the double death—
Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

Round Chester stalk the river ghost
Of this young man and fair maid;
His head looks like a *salmon-trout*;
Her tail is like a *mermaid*.

MORAL.

Learn this, ye constant lovers all,
Who live on England's island—

The way to shun a wat'ry death
Is making love on *dry land*!!

O Polly Higginbottom;

Who lies at the bottom!

So sing the ghosts—the water ghosts—
Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

Plato's Advice.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
Since bounteous Heaven hath made
him great?

Why look with insolent disdain
On those undeck'd with wealth or state

Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
 Or costly gems that deck the fair;
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The sceptred king, the burden'd slave,
 The humble and the haughty die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction, lie!

Go, search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore;
 The wealth and glory they possess'd,
 And all their honours are no more!

So glides the meteor through the sky,
 And spreads along a gilded train,
 But when its short-liv'd beauties die,
 Dissolves to common air again.

So 'tis with us, my jovial souls:—

Let friendship reign while here we stay;
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls;
 When Jove us calls, we must obey.

Dulce Domum.

DEEP in a vale a cottage stood,
 Oft sought by travellers weary;
 And long it prov'd the blest abode
 Of Edward and of Mary.
 For her he chas'd the mountain goat,
 O'er Alps and glaciers bounding;

For her the chamôis he would shoot,
Dark horrors all surrounding.

But evening come,
He fought his home,
While, anxious, lovely woman!
She hail'd the fight,
And, every night,
The cottage rung,
As they sung,
Oh! dulce, dulce domum.

But soon, alas! this scene of bliss
Was chang'd to prospects dreary;
For war and honour rous'd each Swiss,
And Edward left his Mary.

To bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd,
'Gainst Gallia's foes contending;
And, by unequal numbers crush'd,
He died, his land defending.

The evening come,
He fought not home,
Whilst she—distracted woman—
Grown wild with dread,
Now seeks him dead,
And hears the knell,
That bids farewell
To dulce, dulce domum.

FINIS.

